

## The New Oath Examined, and found Guilty.

**S**ince Oaths are Solemn, Serious Things,  
The best Security to Kings;  
And since we've all Allegiance sworn  
To *J*— as King, or Successor;

I can't imagine, how we may  
Swear that or Fealty away.  
Nought sure but Death or Resignation  
Can free us from that Obligation.  
All Oaths are vain, both those and these,  
If we may break 'em, as we please.  
And did I fairly swallow both,  
Who'd give a Farthing for my Oath?

If you affirm, as many do,  
They both consistent are, and true.

I ask, Can you Two Masters serve,  
And never from your Duty swerve?  
Or can you *True Allegiance* bear  
To Two at once, and not forswear?  
What's due to *J*— if *W*— have,  
And *J*— have what you *W*— gave?  
It's plain, you're false to both, and shou'd  
Or take no Oaths, or make 'em good,  
Which here you cannot, if you wou'd.

Nor will these Oaths, as some contend,  
To your own private Meaning bend.  
You swear to each as to a King,  
And ought to mean the self same Thing.  
And 'tis Allegiance Full and *True*  
Is sworn to both, to both as due.

To say, The People have a Right  
Kings to depose, as they see fit,  
Is Pop'ry, or as bad as it.

There is no Law, or Charter for't:  
Kings can't be try'd in any Court.  
*Bradshaw's High Court* had but the Name  
Of Justice, and was *Bradshaw's* Shame.  
But that's by all condemn'd—

Or he that dares such Presidents plead,  
Deserves, like him, to lose his Head,  
And hang for't, or alive or dead.  
Now to condemn the King int'ry'd,  
Seems something worse than *Bradshaw* did.  
*The English Privileges* to be—  
Before the Judge can give Award.

I know, some Conquest plead, and say,  
The King was driv'n and forc'd away.  
Convention though pleads Abdication,  
Because *unforc'd* he left the Nation.  
Hard 'tis these Things to reconcile:  
He chose to leave us *gainst* his Will.  
These Pleas and Proofs are opposite,  
And cannot both be True and Right:  
A Sign their Cause is desperate,  
They'd something say, but know not what;  
Their Non-agreement is enough  
To shew each Plea of theirs wants proof.

Now as for Conquest, Why shou'd we  
Make Slaves of People that are Free?  
Why shou'd we make so much ado  
'Bout what Prince ne'er pretended to?  
He from Convention took the Crown:  
Convention plac'd him in the Throne:  
Convention gave him all his Pow'r:  
Convention made the Oaths you swore.  
And therefore if to him we'd swear,  
'Tis as their High Commissioner.  
And if they have no Right to chuse,  
We may Allegiance refuse.  
We may and ought to keep't entire  
For Lawful King, and Lawful Heir.

If People say, they have such Right;  
They ought to shew how they came by't.  
If People made their Sov'reign Lord,  
They ought to shew it by Record.  
The Law o'th' Land says no such Thing:  
By Law Succession makes the King.  
They can't plead Scripture, if they wou'd;  
The Scripture says, *All Pow'r's from God*.  
God says himself, *By me Kings Reign*.  
'Tis he doth *Higher Powers Ordain*.  
'Tis he doth make them all Supream;  
The People's Choice is People's Dream.

Nor can you prove by Law of Nature,  
That Princes are the People's Creature.  
'Tis plain, the People never gave  
What they ne'er had, nor cou'd they have;  
I mean, the Power, which Princes bear:  
If People had it, make't appear,  
and tell us who, and when, and where.  
Our King has Pow'r o're Subjects Lives,  
The Law he takes away, or gives.

The Sword the People never bore,  
They ne'er o're their own Lives had Pow'r.  
Self-Murder never was allow'd  
By Law of Nature, or of God.

Wherefore the Pow'r which Kings have now,  
The People never cou'd bestow.  
Indeed for Self-Defence to fight  
'Gainst private Foes was Nature's Right.  
They ever had it, and still have it,  
And therefore to their Prince ne'er gave it.  
Besides, the Magistrate's empow'r'd  
In other cases t'use the Sword.  
Though Vengeance is the Subject's Crime,  
It's very innocent in him.

Vengeance belongs to God alone:  
Who has it not from God, has none.  
In state of Nature People were  
All free and equal, and cou'd ne'er  
That Pow'r possess, much less confer.  
No, 'tis the Prince God's place supplies:  
'Tis his Prerogative to chastise  
The Evil, redress Injuries.

If Rulers are for publick Good  
Their *ius divinum's* understood.  
Unerring Wisdom can't be thought  
To leave the Choice to giddy Rout.

But granting Peoples Right, I say,  
They ought not, cou'd not give't away.  
In vain had they such Right from Heaven,  
If they shou'd part with't, soon as given.  
It were Impiety and Sin  
To give away a Right Divine.

Nor is it like, they'd all consent  
To lose their share of Government.  
Nor cou'd they meet all for a Choice,  
That ev'ry Man might give his Voice.  
Some might be Busy, others Sick;  
Some their Proceedings might dislike.  
Now if they all were free before,  
How cou'd those, who did ne'er concur,  
Lose that their Liberty and Pow'r?

*That Pow'r, and such more, they*  
Pretended Patriots to untie.  
Be sure they can't: And then their Cause  
Is grown much weaker by the Laws.  
The Laws which own our Kings Divine,  
And tie the Crown to Royal Line.  
The Laws, which make Allegiance due  
Without your Oaths, or theirs to you.  
The Laws, which give to ev'ry Man his own,  
To People their Estates, to Kings their Crown.

Some idly fancy, That protection  
Doth nat'rally infer Subjection.  
To which, I say, if this were True,  
Subjection were ev'n *Cromwel's* due.  
He was Protector, (Name and Thing)  
He did th' whole Office of a King.  
No, 'tis a *Right* for to *Protect* us,  
Can only Lawfully *Subiect* us.  
Who has no *Right* to *England's* Throne,  
To *England's* Fealty can have none.  
And when the lawful King's turn'd out,  
(Whose will to govern is past doubt.)  
It is not Merit, but a Crime  
His People to *Protect* 'gainst him.

It is to keep him from his Right  
Who wou'd *Protect* us, if he might.  
It is to make himself Supreme,  
And to *Protect* himself, not them.  
It's to maintain his Usurpation,  
And to entail on Captive Nation  
A lasting War, and Desolation.  
And is this such a mighty Favour,  
As to deserve the Name of Saviour?  
For my part, I shou'd give him rather  
A harder Name than that of Father.  
And with the Cynick with him gone,  
Not stand betwixt me and the Sun.  
If where it's due, we pay *Subjection*,  
My Friends, we shall not want *Protection*.

And now, I think I've made it clear,  
We cannot with good Conscience swear.  
We cannot take Oaths Old and New,  
And to both Faithful prove, and True.  
And if I must *Swear* or *Comply*:  
Be sure, I wou'd not *swear*, I'd *die*.  
I'd suffer ought for my dear Saviour's Laws,  
Who dy'd for me—  
I can't well suffer in a better Case.

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